1:Radin E-5 (1908-1913) 1923
NP12 Winnebago NP12

794 276 159 177 our meetings at night. We searched the Bible and asked many ministers for any evidence for Christ's ever having held any meetings in the daytime, but we could find nothing to that effect. We did, however, find evidence that he had been out all night in prayer. As it is our desire to follow as closely as we can in the footsteps of Christ, we hold our meetings at night. Then, too, when we pray we wish to get as far away as possible from earthly things, and the night is the best time, for then we are not likely to be bothered by anything.

We have made earnest efforts to become Christians since we began drinking and eating this peyote, but many people say sarcastically that we have drunk ourselves into Christianity, and that we are demented. I am a peyote eater, but I have never found a demented person among them. We claim that there is virtue in the peyote. To you who do not believe and desire to find out let me quote the fourth chapter of the First Epistle of St. John:

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world.

"Hereby know ye the spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God."

We claim that you can not find out anything by standing off at a distance and only talking about it. We claim that some earthly things can have the virtue of God, for instance, the Bible, which is entirely made up of earthly material—the ink, the paper, the cover—yet it has survived the ages.

J. B.'s Account of the Leader of the Peyote[1]

(Pl. 3)

159 488 Among the Winnebago there is a man named Little-Red-Bird, and when he reached middle age he began to travel around the world and learn different Indian languages. He used to travel inland a good deal. Once he joined a circus and crossed the ocean. He felt [544] so ill while crossing that he wanted to die. Suddenly a wind came up and he got very frightened. He did not know what to do. Then he prayed to Earthmaker. When he came to the other side of the ocean there he saw a big island and a big city (London), and in this last place they held their circus. The chief of that country (the king) he met there.

When he came back to his own people he told them that on the other side of the ocean the Thunderbirds did not thunder. All they did was to drizzle. There was no lightning either. As he crossed the ocean on his return it thundered and lightened.

[782] When he came home he was very glad to see his relatives and he offered tobacco in thanksgiving.

[1] The narrator was a very laborious fellow.

§15. *Marriage*

About this time I joined a show and danced. I was always very fond of dancing and now I got a chance to go around and dance all the time and even got paid for it. I had money all the time. The people with whom I went around never saved anything and were always without funds, for they spent all their money on drink. I, however, never drank. After a while I got into the habit of going with these shows every fall. 159* [541]

One fall I did not go and, instead, stayed with my grandfather. He told me to get married. I was about twenty-three years old then. I had courted women ever since I was old enough to do so. Every time I did anything I always thought of women in connection with it. I tried to court as many as I could. I wanted badly to be a beau, for I considered it a great thing. I wanted to be a ladies' man. [584]

My grandfather had wanted me to marry a certain girl so I went over to the place where she was staying. When I arrived there I tried to meet the girl secretly and succeeded in doing so. I told her of my intention of marrying her and asked her to go home with me. Then she went back, for I had met her some distance from her home. 159* 584

After a short time she came back all dressed up and ooo

§16. *Shows*

*159 About this time we went to the Sioux country on a visit. There were a number of us. While there I was [574] adopted as a friend and given a pony. When I returned [431] to my home I used to ride around on my pony. That fall a number of Winnebago were going to join a show • [541] and I decided to go along with them. I was a good dancer. We went to all the large cities of the country.

*159 273 With us there were two grass widows and after a while I used to go with one of them secretly. This woman used to drink beer. Soon I began to go with the other woman also. They both drank a good deal and often asked me to drink with them, but I always [588] refused. I finally married one of these women, al- [837] though I continued frequenting the other one at the same time. We lived in a tipi. As I said, they both drank beer and gradually I got to drinking it too. Soon I drank a great deal and began to like it. I kept this a secret from my people and told the women to do the same. Finally, however, as I began drinking frequently, a friend of mine found out about it and then the two of us used to drink together. Then the owner of the show discovered that I was drinking. He thought a good deal of me, that my dancing was better than that of the others, and when he learned that

§20. *I Have a Fight*

Once we went out hunting game in the fall of the year. We used to sell the hindquarters and sometimes ship them as far as Chicago. We were of course only permitted to hunt for thirty days. The law was that if any one hunted longer than that he would be arrested. Yet in spite of all we hunted for a longer time because we felt that the law was meant only for the Whites. One day, however, in shipping deer away, we were detected. One of my brothers and myself were arrested, taken to court and convicted. We had to spend sixty days in jail. During my imprisonment I never had my hair cut and from that time on, I always wore it long. I told the people that a spirit called *Foolish-one*[84] had instructed me to do this and that he had blessed me. I also told my older brother, the one who was still living, to do the same thing and that if he, too, let his hair grow, *Foolish-one* would bless him with long life. From that time on I wore long hair.

After that I joined a show of the Whites. People liked me very much on account of my long hair and I was well paid. I kept on drinking all the time. I there learned to ride a bicycle and mount and ride wild

[84] The clown of Winnebago mythology. He is, however, regarded as having some of the characteristics of a spirit and, very occasionally, blessing an individual.

7: Radin E-5 (ca. 1912) 1926 NP12 Winnebago NP12

*159 ● 541 648 526 horses. I used to call myself a cowboy, principally because I wore my hair long. Many vicious horses did I ride, and I was thrown off many times. I did all this not because I felt myself to be an expert, but because I was wild. On one occasion I took part in a bicycle race on a regular racetrack. I was in full Indian costume and wore long hair.

*159 541 648 The show I had joined played at St. Paul. I took part in it every summer. I became acquainted with many people and so I was asked to come again every year. Finally it got so that I would not even return to the Indians in winter.

One season some one asked me to collect a number of Indians of whom I was to be in charge. I was told that I would be allowed ten dollars a week for each Indian and that I could pay them whatever I liked. I was quite satisfied, for I could pay them five dollars a week and thus make some money, I thought. I therefore persuaded a number of people to go along with me and we all started. We rode to the place where we were to meet the man who had made the arrangements. From there we started out and went from fair to fair. We never made any money, however, and went bankrupt. The man could not even pay us. We felt very angry and we then went to another show with whose manager I was acquainted. We were to divide the receipts.

Once we were to give our show at a certain place for the last time, for the cold weather was setting in. It was thus our last day. One of the boys came to me

7-Radin E-8 (ca. 1912) 1926 NP12 Winnebago NP12

I Have a Fight

and told me that some one had struck him. I got angry and told him to point out the person who had done it. Just then the very person appeared and I tried to strike him, but he got away. I succeeded, however, in striking him with a drumstick. That evening I was told that the man whom I had struck had said that he was going to kill a certain Indian. "Perhaps he doesn't know that he also is subject to death," I answered. "Indeed, I am anxious to get ahold of him." After the show was finished we put on our civilian clothes and took our handbags. "None of you must go out alone," I warned them, "for you might get hurt." One of my boys was on horseback and was taking his horse to water it at a trough. His pony was taken away from him and he returned without it. His hat, too, had been stolen. Indeed he barely escaped with his life. "Come, let us go back," I said. I told the other boys to go right on and not to worry about me. I gave them my handbag and then returned to the place where the first boy had been attacked. Before we got there the same boy was attacked and set upon with clubs. We were right in the midst of a big crowd of Whites. These shouted and chased him. When they saw me they started for me. I fought them with my bare fists, turning from side to side. I was completely surrounded by them. Whenever any one got near enough to me I struck him. Then I started to run and was hit on the head, but I was not knocked unconscious. I was now angry and I struck out at all within reach. If I had had a weapon

7: Radin E-A (ca. 1912) 1926 NP12 Winnebago NP12

as well as my hat. Then he said, "You are to go home immediately. It is true that you have been dealt with unfairly, but this is a regular fair town, and if any trouble starts in the courts about this affair, it will hurt our fairs in the future. We shall therefore not go to law about it. The man who started the trouble is the owner of a large hotel, and in addition, owns a trotting horse. You have knocked out all the teeth of this hotel-keeper, and we do not know whether he will live or not. You have bruised other people, too, badly. So you had better go home."

From there we started for our home. My partner rode a pony and rode through the middle of the town on it. I went in the same direction. He was afraid to go through the crowd of white people. A policeman escorted us out to the edge of the town. There we told him that we wanted some whisky and he went into a saloon and bought us two quarts. We both started then, sitting on a small two-year-old pony that belonged to my partner. Every time a team drove by we got frightened. After we had been drinking a little, however, we said that if the fight were to occur again, we would surely kill some one for we were sorry about the way in which it had ended. No one pursued us, however.

There were some Indians living in the neighborhood and we used to go to visit them every night. When I told them about what had happened they got quite frightened for they thought these white people would come out there to fight. So they moved away on the